The Evening World.

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THE TRANSIT COMMISSION.

GOV. MILLER picked his Transit Commissioners with the evident intent of getting a combination in which nobody could say any one of the three elements experience, popularity, or non-partisanship was wholly missing.

Chairman McAneny and Gen. O'Ryan are both Democrats.

In Gen. O'Ryan's case, well-earned popularity as gallant leader of the Twenty-Seventh Division in France and Commander of the National Guard of the State of New York certainly outweighs any special fitness or preparation for the duties of Transit Commissioner.

With Mr. McAneny and Mr. Harkness special familiarity with traction matters can, of course, be assumed. Mr. McAneny was Chairman of the Transit Committee of the Board of Estimate during the negotiations that preceded the signing of the dual subway contracts. Mr. Harkness, as assistant counsel of the Public Service Commission at that time, drew up the contracts themselves.

Mr. McAneny and Mr. Harkness have both the advantage and the disadvantage of having been intimately connected with a certain phase of the city's transit development.

The advantage of such connection and experience for present purposes may be greater than any disadvantage due to preformed judgments and settled theories.

On the other hand, it might prove that New York's complicated traction situation, which Gov. Miller says must now be dealt with as a whole, could be better approached and handled by men of high business training and achievement, whose grasp of traction problems would be rather strengthened than otherwise by a fresh point of view, uninfluenced by personal participation in particular transit adjustments of the past.

The Governor did not see it that way. The result is a Transit Commission composed of members whose esteemed names are received by the public with hope rather than with enthusiasm.

Chairman George McAneny is a man whose civic instinct, interest and vision have done much for New York.

It remains to be seen what he can do toward giving the new Transit Commission breadth, force and honesty in dealing with New York's transit muddle for New York's own good.

The Governor's mobilization of State authority for that professed purpose is now complete.

ONE THEY DIDN'T PASS.

ADJOURNMENT of the Legislature does not afford immediate opportunity for appraisal of the work done.

Bills jammed through in the closing hours of the session go to the Governor for review and final disposition. No one—least of all the legislators themselves—knows what was accomplished in the final twenty-four hours. That will come out as the Governor wades through the mass of bills and approves or rejects.

What we can judge now is the measures that were not passed.

One of the bills most deserving of defeat—and which was defeated by the Assembly—was the effort to exempt from civil service examinations five school examiners appointed by the present Mayor.

Five "jobs" more or less for local patronage would not be important if they were not key positions in the development of the school system and in the instruction of the coming generation of citizens. But give Hylanism a hold in the schools and the effects would be disastrous in years to come.

For this much let New York give thanks. It has little enough ground for gratitude to the Legislature of 1921.

One who marvelled over the political acrobatics which enable Mr. Hearst to get his approval on both President Harding and Mayor Hylan suggested, "They make a strange pair." Quick as a flash a devotee of the great indoor sport replied, "I'll take five cards."

MUSIC WEEK.

Is Music Week in New York to be a celebration of the season just closed or a reaching toward bigger things to come—or both?

In no season has New York enjoyed so much excellent music. Never have music lovers been so generous and appreciative. Never have we had so many intelligent and critical audiences.

Sober appraisal of the winter music shows that New York is on the way to becoming, if it has not already become, the musical capital of the world.

Great conductors and artists have come to realize that their international triumphs are incomplete without the verdict of New York as well as the plaudits of Vienna, Berlin, Paris and Rome.

Present prospects point to a musical winter of 1921-1922 brighter, if anything, than the one now closing.

But Music Week as a Nation-wide movement shows the effort toward a general popularization of music—good music. What of New York's musical programme for the summer months?

The Stadium concerts at City College will fill their usual place. Columbia University will continue the concerts on "The Green." But are there adequate plans for municipal music in public parks? Is the city keeping step with the popular demand and appreciation of good music?

In European capitals outdoor music of high quality is a part of the life of the people. It ranks with libraries, art galleries and parks as a necessary part of the aesthetic development of the whole people. It is considered worthy of support by taxation.

The same condition ought to prevail in New York. We would not think of closing the Art Museum or the Library. We should not hold back municipal support of music which all may enjoy in the parks and playgrounds of the city.

THE PLIGHT OF THE FAITHFUL.

A GROUP of "Pro-League Republicans," as they style themselves, have just engaged in a rather labored effort to reconcile the Harding foreign policy with the party platform and with the conduct of the campaign.

These "Pro-Leaguers" even attempt to find and interpret the "dominant issue" in the campaign.

It can't be done in the way they go about it. The attempt is futile.

Republican Party policy toward the League of Nations can not be interpreted in "mandates of the election," "actual sentiments of the committee," "records of the party," and the like.

Republican Party policy toward the League in the campaign can be interpreted only in terms of political chicanery, misrepresentation, deceit, hatred, and "the will to win" at any cost to National and party honor.

The "Pro-League Republicans" who have signed the statement are honorable, forward-looking men. But they are party men. Their votes were cast with faith rather than with reason. They do not speak the language of the party tricksters. It is no wonder they wander into confusion when they attempt to interpret their party leaders.

NOT THRILLING.
(From the Herald.)

That Gov. Miller has been thoroughly conscientious in the selection of the men named for the Transit Commission of New York City and for the Public Service Commission is certain. The New York Herald has no doubt in respect of this.

But the New York Herald is not thrilled over the calibre of the men for the great business problems they are called upon to handle. The New York Herald had hoped to see both these commissions filled by strong-headed men who have won their spurs among the men big in the business world.

THE CITY OF HI LAN.

(Excerpt from Historical Works of Hong, Chinese Scholar, A. D. 2019.)

In the Year 1921 the lawmakers in their madness had brought public affairs to utter confusion and turned attention to regulating the food and drink of citizens in the City of Hi Lan.

Incredible as it appears to an enlightened people like ourselves, the Chinese, these lawmakers forbade beverages containing alcohol of any strength whatever. Such beverages were labelled Hooch and it was decreed that all supplies be seized and the possessors thereof be cast into prison.

The Mayor of that city, called the Admirable One, welcomed diversion of public attention from his own fantastic activities and urged on his police to enforce this strange decree.

Doors were broken down. Homes were invaded. Women and men were dragged from their beds. Babies were thrust from the cradle. Priest or rabbi performing sacramental rites, the physician giving stimulant to the sick, must hasten lest the cup be dashed from his hand. Courts were congested. Justice was clogged. The police could not give attention to offenders save those who broke the Hooch law and other ridiculous decrees which naturally followed in sequence. Life and property became unsafe. So great a portion of the population became "criminal" that the epithet lost its stigma.

The people came to hate the Law and to fear their officials. Respect for law and order, the cornerstone of Occidental culture, vanished. Having no ancient philosophy such as we possess, the short lived civilizatioon collapsed and in less than a century the unhappy inhabitants of the once proud City of Hi Lan have come to their present melancholy state of semi-savagery.

TWICE OVERS.

"THE Legislature had the courage of the Governor's convictions."—The World.

* * *

"AFTER Prof. Einstein's story is told, despite its interest, brilliancy and usefulness for mathematicians, it is only a new way of keeping an old secret."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

* * *

"THESE investigating legislative bodies will be very welcome."—Mayor Hylan.

* * *

"THE most appropriate name suggested for the present Legislature is that of 'Miller's Mill.'"—William T. Arnal.

A Lawless Enforcement of the Law!

By John Cassel

From Evening World Readers

What kind of a letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in a few words. Take time to be brief.

The Impolite Guard.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

While on a Third Avenue "L" I noticed a woman with a child at her side go over to the conductor and ask which is the nearest station to Delancey Street.

"No station at Delancey Street! Get off at Grand or Canal Street!" was the rough answer. The poor woman imagined that Canal Street was nearest her destination and didn't move to get off when the train pulled into Grand Street Station. I couldn't bear to see her make the mistake and naturally went over and told her to get off at Grand Street. Imagine the plight of woman and child if they got off at Canal Street?

Stupidity! Yet that devil can't be blamed. This kind of roughness and many other abuses are practised by workers all over the city, on "L", surface and subway. I wonder whether it costs the company and these men more to be considerate with the public than otherwise? Or is it that the New York public has got accustomed to having their pockets pulled, ear boxed and kicked in addition—bullied and cudgelled by their own servants? Which is it?

J. M. ENIVEL.

New York, April 14, 1921.

Brewers and Saloons.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Suppose the Palmer ruling on beer as a medicine should open the breweries and physicians and druggists should co-operate to dispense the output. Are we to assume that the breweries would strictly obey the regulations governing the manufacture and distribution of such beer? The lawlessness of the saloon is proverbial. Two-thirds of the saloons were brewery owned. The return of the brewery will mean the perpetuation of lawlessness.

About forty breweries were operating in Philadelphia making cereal beverages. Recently one-fourth of them were closed by the Government for making beverages of more than one-half of one per cent. To assume that the breweries manufacturing medicinal beer would not ply their old lawless trade is to tax the credulity of law-abiding people.

A. D. BACHELOR.

Holiday for Petition.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Unfortunately I am one person of the many thousands who finds it very hard to get suitable employment. For this I blame the Eighteenth Amendment.

When the fanatics and hypocrites forced that law upon the American people, they unknowingly passed a law to curtail production and labor, which is our very means of existence and the foundation of which this Nation has been the most prosperous in the world.

When the brewing industry was forced to close its doors they were not only closed upon the brewers but also upon the workingmen, the thousands of bookkeepers, stenographers, chemists, mechanics, boilermakers, coppersmiths, coopers, freight handlers, chauffeurs and a great many other forms of labor too numerous to mention.

What are our labor leaders doing to remedy the situation? Nothing. Are they members of the Anti-Saloon League or are they reaping a fortune in the boot-legging business? If not, why in the name of justice do they not wake up and call a national half holiday to all our union brothers for the purpose of signing petitions of protest to be sent to the Congress of the United States of America for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead law? I firmly believe that there is not one American in one thousand using his brawn for means of a living in favor of the Volstead law or the Eighteenth Amendment.

SAL FRAGOLA.

New York, April 16, 1921.

Debs and Daugherty.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Allow me to answer R. R. R. concerning Debs's trip to Washington. I wonder if it means Red-Red-Red. If so he should know that this country is Red-White-Blue.

The fact that Debs returned to prison is nothing to his credit. It was the only thing to do under the circumstances. He would have defeated his own purpose by not returning. He was wise enough to know that.

I agree with R. R. R. that Debs has a great mind, BUT he used it in the wrong direction—against the Government instead of for it. Had he decided to direct his intelligence to aid rather than hinder the Government—THEN he would be worthy of recognition. Now he is merely a brainy criminal.

Debs is not (as R. R. R. states) in prison on account of his untiring efforts in a certain cause. This is America, not Russia, and men aren't imprisoned for their efforts unless those efforts violate the laws of a country. Debs is in prison because he is a law breaker. That is the only reason he is in jail, and that is where he belongs. Let those thousands of followers champion their CAUSE, but if it is against the laws of our country they will be jailed. Otherwise let them talk their heads off, for while Debs and his ilk have thousands of followers, thank God that America and the Stars and Stripes have a HUNDRED MILLION.

R. W. B.

Brooklyn, April 15, 1921.

Ball Games in the Streets.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a student of the Washington Irving High School and last Friday I was on my way home through 16th Street between Irving Place and Fourth Avenue at 12.35.

There are quite a few boys about fifteen or sixteen years old who work in that block and I suppose whose conditions at home necessitate their earning some money to help their families. On their lunch hours they eat their lunch and then spend the rest of their time playing with a soft ball. Last Friday when I passed I saw one of our policemen giving them a lecture and forbidding them to play ball. I wonder what harm it does if they hurt neither people nor animals nor glass. And furthermore, I should like to know what law permits even a policeman to take such unnecessary measures in such a case. Maybe if the policemen of New York City would look for burglars or Prohibition violaters instead of such petty things, the largest city in the world might be proud of their protectors, instead of being dreadfully ashamed, which they have come to be.

My sympathy is with those poor boys who have not the opportunity of education as I have.

I suppose, though, that from all appearances the majority of the police force would same playing cards or shooting crap a better pastime, so therefore they must interfere with the boyish pleasures.

IN BEHALF OF YOUTH.

Tenant Profiteers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

There are many tenants in Greater New York denouncing landlords for raising rents while the tenants are holding land out of use for profit. Now then, idle land means high rents and unemployment. It seems to me very unjust for said tenants to denounce landlords for raising rents when the tenants are doing the very thing that enables landlords to raise rents—namely, holding land out of use.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 15, 1921.

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

BE A FIT COMPANION FOR YOURSELF.

Up to the age of six an intelligent child left alone will amuse himself. As soon as the fright at being abandoned by his parents or playmates subsides he will cast about for something to do and find it.

What he finds is generally what his parents call mischief, which means the perfectly natural destruction of articles in the room in order to see what is inside of them.

This, a little later, if he is given the right kind of toys, will be followed by a constructive period, during which he will suffer less and less from neglect and be more and more able to keep his own company without any direction by older minds.

For a child thinks. He doesn't think about the destiny of the soul or problems of sociology, but he does think and think hard about what is around him and why, which is really all Herbert Spencer or Huxley thought of when their minds had reached the fullest development.

But we forget to think or get out of the way of thinking after we are twenty. And then, unless we have "company" or an exciting book, or a deck of cards with which to indulge in the brain-dulling disease called solitaire, we find ourselves very stupid company.

Watch half a dozen people in a doctor's office, glancing through dead advertisements in a four-year-old magazine—doing anything to pass the time.

How many of them ever sit quietly using their brains and getting out of reflection or memory enough entertainment for the passing fifteen or twenty minutes?

You can be a fit companion for yourself if you use your intelligence and your imagination. You ought not always to need a book or a companion. For though that is a good way to get ideas, if the book is a good book or the companion has an alert mind, it is no way at all to develop the mind.

"Solitude," said Lowell, "is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character."

All the important work you do will be done in solitude, if it is original and valuable to the world. You can hardly imagine Thomas Gray writing his "Elegy" in a room full of company, or Marconi working out the problem of the wireless among a crowd of talkers.

Learn to be alone and to entertain yourself at the same time. It can be done easily enough. And if you never are contented except when the entertainment comes from without be assured that you will never do anything that will entertain or instruct anybody else. And the world pays good salaries only to those who perform these services for it.

Get-Rich-Quicks of The Ages

By Svetozar Tonjoroff

XXV.—THE ALMAGROS.

Diego de Almagro, the junior partner of Francisco Pizarro in the business of looting Peru, was named for the Spanish town in which he was born. He emigrated to America in 1519 and immediately began to devise means of getting rich in the shortest possible time.

As he regarded the spoils assigned to him after the sacking of Cuzco inadequate, he sailed back to Spain, told his story to Charles V., promised him a suitable consideration and obtained from the King the title of Adelandado, or Governor, of "New Toledo," a territory 200 leagues along the Pacific Coast, adjoining Pizarro's "sphere of influence" in the north.

The quarrel between the two master thieves arose over the common boundary. De Almagro set up the claim that Cuzco fell within the limits of the King's grant to him. "No, Senor—never!" retorted Pizarro, now a marquis and grandee of Spain.

It is related that they got together one evening in an effort to reach an agreement, but the party broke up in a fight between the two principals.

After a fiercely fought battle a few months later, Almagro was captured, convicted and garroted by Pizarro's order. That ended the career of Diego de Almagro I.

But there was a Diego de Almagro II.—the son of an Indian woman. This Almagro (called Mozo, the "Boy") awaited his chance to avenge his father's death. It is even said that he gave the hand of fellowship to his father's slayer at the beginning of the waiting game.

At the proper time he joined his murdered father's friends in a counter revolution. The Almagristas murdered Pizarro, proclaimed the "Boy" Governor of Peru, and set about getting-rich-quick on their own account—at the expense of the natives, of course.

Everything went well for a while, but the power of gold to make trouble was soon freshly illustrated. The Almagristas got into a fight among themselves, and in the course of the bloody business all but one of the gang were killed.

Of this survivor the "Boy" disposed at the first opportunity. And then Diego de Almagro II. alone remained to continue the important work of collecting gold from the natives, sending a small part of it to Spain and keeping the rest stored away for a rainy day.

But somebody in Spain made up his mind that too large a share of the yellow metal was being retained by the "Boy." This person caused one Vaca de Castro to be sent with a considerable force to Peru to call the "Boy" to account.

But Almagro met Vaca de Castro not only with disapproval but with active hostility. In the battle that ensued the son was defeated by de Castro, just as the father had been defeated by Pizarro, and paid for his temerity with his life.

His execution in the great square of Cuzco must have been an edifying spectacle for the despoiled natives, who were thus given to understand that the great white King beyond the water strongly disapproved of the exploitation to which his copper-colored subjects in America had been subjected.

But the subsequent records of Spanish colonization soon convinced them that their interpretation of the event was both premature and erroneous.

The story of the Pizarros and the Almagros teaches us that there is little hope for honest folk even when thieves fall out.

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT WORD?

13. BOOK.

In highly civilized communities the word "book" is as frequently used as the word "bread." In fact, the state of civilization to which a community or an individual has attained may be fairly measured by the number of times the word and the object "book" is used by that community or individual.

When books were first invented they were made of beechen boards both among the Anglo-Saxons and the Germans. The Anglo-Saxon word for "beech' was "boc," and its German equivalent was "buch."

The name "boc" stuck to the object after the stage of beechen production, and the spelling was changed to its present form in the course of the development of the English language. In German it retains its original form, "buch."

It is well to remember that the continued use of the name of a tree to designate a book is not so inappropriate as it seems; for books are still made of wood—sometimes in more senses than one.

"That's a Fact"

By Albert P. Southwick

The Dutch Governor of New York, who was "exactly 6 feet 6 inches in height and 6 feet 5 inches in circumference," was the renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller, in 1632.

* * *

The surname Twiller, in Van Twiller, is said to be a corruption of the original Twijfler (pronounced Tweefler) which, in English, means doubter. This name was remarkably characteristic of the Dutch Governor's mental habits.

* * *

Wouter Van Twiller scarcely spoke except in monosyllables and never formed a decision on any doubtful proposition. He was a very wise Dutchman, never said a foolish thing, never was known to laugh. There was never a question referred to him but what he assumed a mysterious look, shook his spherical head, smoked for five minutes and then sagely observed: "I have my doubts about the matter."

* * *

The primrose, unfortunately, means in floral language, "inconstancy."